Throw cold water on your collor, come go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where Miſtris *Anne Page* is feaſting at a farm houſe,
And thou ſhalt wear her cried game: ſed I well bully
Doct. Begar excellent vel: and if you ſpeake pour moy, I ſhall procure you de gueſts of all de gentlemē mon patients. I be-gar I ſall.
Hoſt. For the which Ile be thine aduerſary
To Miſtris *Anne Page*: Sed I well?
Doct. I be-gar, excellent.
Hoſt. Let vs wag then.
Doct. Alon, alon, alon.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do ſo much as ſee if you can eſpy
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you pleaſe now.
Sim. I will ſir.
Sir Hu. Ieſhu ples me, how my hart trobes & trobes
And then ſhe made him bedes of Roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſes,
To ſhallow riuers. Now ſo kad vdge me, my hart
Swels more and more. Me-thinks I can cry
Very well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To ſhallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds ſing Madrigalles.
Sim. Sir, here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as faſt as they can.
Sir Hu. Then it is very neceſſary I put vp my ſword,
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God ſaue you Sir *Hugh*.
Shal. God ſaue you M. Parſon.
Sir Hu. God ples you all frō his mercies ſake
Page. What, the word and the ſword, doth
gree well?
Sir Hugh. There is reaſons and cauſes in all
I warrant you now.
Page. Well ſir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.
Sir Hugh. What is it I pray you?
Page. Ifaith tis this ſir *Hugh*. There is an au
friend of ours, a man of very good ſort, ſo at o
one patience, that I am ſure you would hartily
to ſee him. Now ſir *Hugh*, you are a ſcholler w
and very perſwaſiue, we would entreate you
you could intreate him to patience.
Sir Hugh. I pray you who is it? Let vs kno
Page. Ime ſure you know him, tis Doctor C
Sir Hug. I had as leeue you ſhould tell m
meſſe of porredge,
He is an arrant lowſie beggerly knaue:
And he is a coward beſide.
Page. Why Ile lay my life tis the man
That he ſhould fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Hoſt, they offer to fight
Shal. Keep them aſunder, take away their we
Hoſt. Diſarme, let them queſtion.
Shal. Let them keepe their limbes hole, an
our Engliſh.